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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Triumph.

Great is the strength that strikes a noble blow;
Greater the hearts that suffer all, and learn
Command of sorrows they may heal in turn;
But, moving all the springs we mortals know,
Is the first love that melts the virgin snow
Of some proud nature: thence the floods are born,
And shocks and storms that shake the bending corn
And all the forests waving broad below.
Ah, well, if it hath ever chanced to thee
To have thy will wrought wholly, then to find
It bitter, void and barren, till love be
Henceforth to thee as sunbeams to the blind,
And hast not grown the lesser for thy dole,
Arise, and take the palm, O victor soul!

MARION MUIR.

Haleakala.*

From a distance, Haleakala looks as sleek as a whale, and very like a whale. With a glass you may descry tufts of fuzz on its blue-gray sides, but you do not for a moment imagine that the fuzzy tufts are forests; that the whole slope of the mountain is gutted with ravines, and that the piebald patches scattered over its surface are jungles of wild weeds grown wilder ever since the sun dried the deluge-damp out of the primeval soil.

Very few of the continental tourists who are called out of bed at an unwonted hour and creep forth, covered with blankets and confusion, to see the sun rise on the Righi Culm, realize that the self-same sun rises daily all the world over, and that there are sunrises we know of that might put the Righi to the blush, though her sunrise were of the deepest dye. Why do so few island tourists do Haleakala? Is she not the "house of the sun"? Shall the sun not rise in his own house, with all his paraphernalia about him, in as much state as upon any alp in the world? Does he not refuse to rise at intervals upon the poles? and once up, does he not refuse to go down again, as if it were not worth his while? Where is his beam brighter, his glow fiercer, his reign longer than in the tropics? and where else

* *Haleakala*, "The House of the Sun," is an extinct volcano, and the largest in the world. It is situated on the Island of Maui, one of the Sandwich, or Hawaiian Group. It is ten thousand feet in height, and the day of its activity is lost in the pre-historic period.

do such pomp and splendor wait upon his in-coming and his out-going as along the Equatorial seas?

Blankets we need on Haleakala, albeit we are in the tropics, and provision and hot coffee; a guide to lead the way, and another to keep him company—both to be utilized, perhaps, as human warming-pans when the cold hours of the night come on. Bottles of water are also indispensable, and a bottle of spirits, and enough of the sweet Indian-weed to burn the night out between fitful naps that are but dream-glimpses of Labrador.

We set forth with breath enough to shout joyfully to one another, as we pass in Indian-file along the trail; all this time the earth is receding, and the top of the mountain in like proportion; it is as if the upward climbing path were elastic, and the two ends of it were being stretched out as we advance, leaving us to amble forever in the middle distance; but by-and-by come cooler currents of air that flow over us, invisible rivers of refreshment; the clouds that were a canopy become a carpet; the flying scud brushes our faces; we are at intervals enveloped in sudden and evanescent mists that anon sweep noiselessly past, and become entangled among the deep, dark woods.

It is very still; sometimes it is very steep, but we know that we may ride to the rim of the crater without dismounting—unless by accident—and that the air, which is already thin, will grow thinner and thinner to the last gasp on the tip-top of the globe.

We are an asthmatical crew, man and beast; legs and lungs are failing in concert. Oh, if one could only husband one's breath like the bag-pipe, for instance, or blow one's self up like the balloon-fish against this hour of general debility! What a waste of energy goes on without ceasing in the worrisome little world down yonder! and what does one gain by it, save hastening his end?

Do very old people feel like this, I wonder? Five paces, and a halt for repairs; all things growing dim to the sight—men as trees walking—and all sounds faint and far away, as if cotton were stuffed in the ears.

The mountain top was as red as a live coal when we came to it; the sun was gone, but he was not yet forgotten. So we set up our tabernacle in the midst thereof and kindled a huge fire—for with the feast of the eye came faintness and famine of the stomach, as is usually the case. One cannot travel far on the chameleon's dish; it has no staying qualities, and we must needs eat and

drink and be satisfied before we sit down to a long and silent contemplation of nature. What a fright it was, the crater, when we first looked into it! a burnt-out furnace in which the gods might have forged the stars; or a bomb, out of which they might have shot comets, if they had cared to. Only think of it: thirty miles around the brim; two thousand perpendicular feet down to the bottom of it in the shallow parts, and at some points the walls towering eight hundred feet higher yet! All this is one colossal crater, the greatest in the world, having within it nigh a score of lesser craters, cone-shaped excrescences, the largest six hundred feet in height, and these with gaping, funnel-like mouths, after the fashion of Stromboli, Vesuvius and Ætna.

The crater is a mixture of clay and shale, veneered with successive lava-flows; it is as dry as a bone to-day. I doubt if a dove from the ark could find so much as a green leaf for a token, since all the "house of the sun" has become a desolation throughout its many mansions. In fact, it looks like the wrong side of the world. At our camp-fire we brewed draughts, hot as tophet, and sweet as Hyblæan dew; we stirred the embers and waited, for the night was chilly and dark, and there was nothing to do but wait. The earth seemed to have sunk into space under us; we were alone on a rock in the sky. Presently something startled us; the night heaved a long-drawn sigh; then a shadow rose before us where no shadow had been before, and, half in fright, we turned toward the crater and met the sad moon face to face.

Immediately what had seemed to us hideous became beautiful; the vast, shapeless depths were spiritualized; the walls were silvered, and they gleamed like sculptured marble; the floor of the crater was one broad mosaic, the inner craters like the basins of dry fountains sprinkled with star-dust. We saw a sky-pavilioned temple with shadowy buttresses, dim niches peopled with glimmering statues, and echoless colonades stretching beyond the vision—but never a worshipper save we three mutes clinging like animalcules to a pinnacle among the heights. How cold it was all that time! as cold as the moon looks through a telescope, and, like the moon, naked for all the cold; but even if you get down to zero or below it, on Haleakala, *brace up!* Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning.

It must have been about an hour before day-break, after a night of exquisite unrest, when we were again hanging upon the rim of the crater. Ribbons of mist were streaming in from the windward-gap, floating airily along under the shelter and the shadow of the walls, curling above and beneath the massive projections, sometimes white in the moonlight, sometimes lost in thick darkness. Then, fold upon fold unwound from the mass of cloud that was continually gathering in from the sea; invisible hands bore it hither and yon, draping the rough rock, festooning every cliff, wreathing the spires and clothing the barren peaks with a pale garment; and there the figure was at once lost, for the flood-gates of heaven were thrown

wide open; and wave after wave of cloud poured through in one immeasurable flood.

The gulf was filled to the brim; the whole earth and the world passed away; we were lost in a stormy chaos of impalpable snow. Away out upon the edge of it we saw a faint blue line—it was the horizon: sometimes, in a lull, we caught glimpses of denser clouds—they were islands. I fancied I could almost see the globe bulging like an orange, and I thought how we must look at a dim distance as we hung suspended in mid-air, boundless space above us, boundless space beneath us, boundless space on either hand. We swimming, a mere puff-ball, in the translucent element which is without beginning and without end; wherein we cast no shadow to speak of, the very shadow itself dissolving away in the space through which we swim insensibly—the thought made me dizzy and faint. Why not rise up and take my icarian flight, perchance landing upon some other planet, or, missing that, disappear an atom in the universe? Rare air makes one light-headed, *par exemple*. Meanwhile, the day broke tumultuously. We hearkened but heard nothing; yet the turbulent clouds were gorged, and from gaping wounds gushed rivers of golden blood in a deluge of insufferable splendor—it was the storming of the citadel of silence!

I know they imagine a vain thing who hope to make the sun rise before another's eyes. I know that there is neither speech nor language that can image it; that one glimpse of the reality is sufficient to confound the whole army of garreteers. Yet we all try our hand at it, because it is our delight and our despair. We are flushed with the elixir that is drunk only upon the heights; its aroma is in our blood. O these heights! Is it any wonder that He went up into a mountain to pray, and that the blessed company of hermits and holy ones have followed in His foot-steps since that day?

Turn now your endazzled eye on the full splendor of the East, where the Shekinah is unveiled in clouds of glory, ineffable symbol of the All-glorious! and symbolically—since everything in nature is symbolical—in the up-rising of yonder sun, behold the *Elevation of the Host!*

C. W. S.

A Historical Error.

V.

I have remarked that the destruction of paintings was quite a secondary matter to the missionaries; and as this is contrary to the generally received notions, it demands an explanation. The primitive missionaries (from what we know of their writings) make mention of it only once and that casually,* whilst they dwell much on the question of idolatry. Motolinia and Mendieta do not speak of it in their Histories. So, too, Señor Zumárraga, who is made its principal author, never speaks of it, so far as we know. We see that in some particular cases some Religious judged it necessary and others condemned it. We have

* In the codices of the *Libro de Oro*.

also demonstrated that there were no such mountains of paintings as some maintain, and no such bonfires. Let us take notice that the lamentations over this loss begin to be heard only when the sixteenth century is well on towards its close, in Duran, Sahagun, Torquemada, and Ixtlilxochitl. Pomar, of the same epoch, says no more than that *the Indians themselves* in Tezcoco burned the paintings that had escaped from the conflagration of the archives made by Tlascalans, "for fear of Sr. Zumárraga, that they might not be charged to them as idolatrous objects, because at that time D. Carlos Ometochtzin, son of Nezahualpilli, was accused of being an idolater after having been baptized." Here there is no question of something done by Señor Zumárraga, nor do we know whether the fear was founded or not. The Tezcocans, on seeing that their master was tried as an idolater, (he must be the same mentioned by Suarez de Peralta) were afraid that others might be involved, and perhaps they did not find themselves very clear; and in order to secure themselves they hastened to destroy some paintings, the subjects of which we do not know, and which may have been really of gentile rites and superstitions.

When Sahagun, Duran, Torquemada, and Ixtlilxochitl began almost simultaneously their investigations into the antiquities of the Indians, they naturally had recourse to the hieroglyphics that yet remained, whose explanation they sought to obtain from the most intelligent Indians. The latter had already lost much of the meaning of those figures, which was only handed down by pure tradition. Ixtlilxochitl confesses that having seen many of the principal men of New Spain who had a reputation of knowing history, "only in two did he find an entire account and understanding of the paintings and characters, and who gave a real meaning to the cantos."* This did not prevent him, however, from finding many Indians who, swearing in *verba magistri*, certified to the truth of the histories that he wrote, and their conformity to pictures which they did not understand. The pretended interpreters, therefore, being urged to give explanations of points of which they were ignorant, naturally disliked to confess their ignorance, and, to hide it, they had recourse to the convenient expedient of casting the blame on the deficiency of paintings. Neither did they wish to admit that their ancestors had committed the blunder of not recording important events; and, looking to the culture of their nation—in which there never was any lack of most exact chroniclers—they explained the scarcity of information by exaggerating the destruction wrought by the Bishop and by the missionaries. Thus they escaped from two difficulties. More than half a century had already elapsed, and few eye-witnesses remained to contradict them. Hence came also the variations and even contradictions of the historians themselves. They had to explain, in some way or other, the voids and the obscurity in their histories, and

they attributed them to the destruction of important papers. But when there was question of placing their work on a solid basis, it became necessary for them to maintain that there still existed documents enough to serve their purpose. In no one does this fluctuation appear more evidently than in Clavigero. Many times he laments the great havoc made in the Indian annals, and when Robertson, more consistent than he, affirms squarely that all knowledge of the revolutions and of the civilization of the empire had been lost, except what was known by tradition and by a few fragments, Clavigero retorts: "The historical pictures that escaped the searches of the early missionaries are not few, except in comparison with the incredible number of them that existed previously."

This last assertion of Clavigero, repeated over and over again, both before and since, deserves to be examined. That the number of pictures was incredible, and that they were precisely historical pictures, at the arrival of the missionaries, can be known only from the testimony of the Indians; for if they were destroyed in the first years of their conversion—and the missionaries do not attest the existence and disappearance of such great archives—those that wrote subsequently could know only what the Indians told them. Ixtlilxochitl, who saw nothing of them, is the one that insists most on the great quantity of paintings and pictures; but we know what value to set on his imaginary pictures of Tezcocan greatness. But even granting that there was such an amount of papers, we do not know what they contained; and I do not see what reasons there are to force us to believe that most of them were historical, and very precious. In all archives the papers of little or no value to posterity are much more numerous than such as are really worthy of preservation. It is said that the Mexicans painted everything, and if this were the case, there was much that was quite useless for us.

By all accounts, the Mexican paintings had suffered great havoc before the missionaries set foot on this land. From Sahagun we learn that in the time of King Izcoatl the paintings were burned "that they might not fall into the hands of the common people and lose their value." First destruction, by the Indians.—Pomar and Ixtlilxochitl affirm that the Tlascalans burned the archives of Tezcoco. Second destruction, also by the Indians.—On the arrival of the Spaniards, many that had pictures hid or buried them, to preserve them from the chances of war, as is frequently done with precious objects.* The owners being dead or gone elsewhere, those papers were lost. Third cause of destruction.—Cortés, to gain the city, was obliged to demolish the seven-eighths of it, including the teocallis; and as the paintings were not scattered about the streets, but in the buildings, they must have perished with them. These results of war need not surprise us. In our own days, the Prussian bombs reduced to ashes the rich library of Strasburg.

* *Historia Chichimeca*, dedicatory.

* Mendieta, lib. iv, c. 41.

All these ravages had already been made when the missionaries arrived. It is undeniable that they destroyed some paintings; but no one, up to this time, has been able to make the charge specific, stating what missionary, what pictures, and when. At the present day, we are not in a position to state the importance of what was destroyed, and it is a gratuitous supposition to say that they were historical annals. If any damage was done in the beginning, it was to individual papers, not to the grand collections which no longer existed. In every case, this lasted but for a short time, since, in 1533 or 34, at latest, the work of collecting and explaining the painting to which has been given the name of the *Codex Zumárraga* had already begun, and this in spite of the horror that must have been inspired by those papers all stained with human blood.* This is not the only case in which this repulsive circumstance was met; and, indeed, being always reminders of ancient cruelties, there was a strong provocation to destroy them. It is unquestionable that the missionaries very soon knew the advantage of preserving those documents; and it appears natural to admit that, the duration of the error having been short, and there being no longer any grand collection of manuscripts, the damage committed by the first missionaries, examined by the rules of true criticism, is confined within such narrow limits as not to give any foundation whatsoever to the outcry that has been raised against those apostolical men, to whom we are indebted for so many benefits.

As to Sr. Zumárraga, it is necessary to repeat that, having arrived at the end of 1528, he is in no way accountable for what passed before that time: that during the two years, 1529 and '30, he had plenty to do in opposing the excesses of the *primera Audiencia*; that, in 1531, when he might have begun to breathe freely, he was ordered to Spain, and after his return, late in the year 1534, the destruction of pictures was not going on at all, but they were interpreted, and Sr. Fuenleal carried them to Spain as things of value. The burning of the archives of Tezcoco and Mexico is a mere fable invented almost in our own days; there is no *certainty* that so much as one solitary picture owes its destruction to Sr. Zumárraga; it was not he that sought to obscure the memory of the past, since he wrote and sent to the Council of Trent a memorial on the antiquities of New Spain. The charge of destruction was not made till many years after his death, by Torquemada and Ixtlilxochitl: the latter deserves but little confidence; the former, having collected the writings of the missionaries to patch up a book out of clippings from them, did not find in them the accusation. He took it from the words of the Indians, just as did Ixtlilxochitl, and we have already seen what their testimony is worth. Sahagun, more cautious or better informed, did not mention the name of Zumárraga in connection with the affair.

To the reduction that must be made in the number of historical paintings preserved by the Aztecs,

and to the diminution produced by the various causes enumerated, we must add that which they continued to suffer afterwards, little by little, in the half century preceding the time when the authors mentioned wrote. Through a thousand accidents, papers may be destroyed, or remain concealed in such a manner that chance alone brings them to light. This slow destruction by time, not a slight one continued, and to it is due much of the paucity of paintings felt now. Nevertheless, Boturini, in the middle of the eighteenth century, found not a few that were important and unknown. There are instances where pictures, supposed to have been destroyed by the missionaries, have afterwards reappeared, having been preserved and even made by them. Thus the *Tonalamatl*, or calendar of the 260 days, which Sahagun wished to see destroyed, was preserved in the convent of St. Francis in Mexico, and has been lithographed in our days. The other calendar, formed by a religious, and which, according to Mendieta, had been utterly destroyed (if, as the signs indicate, it was that of the Friar Toribio de Motolinia, of which Torquemada speaks), did not perish, for the original exists. It can even be proved that the libraries of the Indians were in existence at the very time when their destruction was most lamented. This appears from a curious correspondence between the Jesuit Fathers Tovar and Acosta. The former had written a history of the Indians, and the latter, in acknowledging the receipt thereof, asked, amongst other things, "What certainty and authority has the history?" F. Tovar's answer is: "The viceroy, D. Martin Enriquez, being desirous of knowing these antiquities, ordered the libraries which they had on these subjects to be brought together, and those of Mexico, Tezcoco, and Tula were brought to him, because they were the historians and learned men in these matters." The letters are not dated; but as the viceroy Enriquez governed from 1568 to 1580, it is plain that in the times of Torquemada and Ixtlilxochitl, who made such lamentations over the destruction of the Aztec libraries, there were still some to be found, at least in three principal cities; the Indians brought them to Mexico, and the viceroy placed them at the disposition of F. Tovar. So that the havoc made by the first missionaries was not so very great!

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The Early Days of Geography.

Previous to the Homeric epoch the Greeks believed in the existence of nations who inhabited the countries situated behind the regions where the sun appeared to them to rise and to set. They imagined that these nations lived in perpetual darkness, and they called them *Cimmerians*, a word evidently derived from the Hebrew *Cimeririm* (pronounced *Kimeririm*), and signifying darkness. In proportion as they became acquainted with more regions that were enlightened by the sun (that is, as the limits of the known world were extended by voyage and discovery), they

* *Anales del Museo*, tom. ii, p. 85.

transported the Cimmerians and their dark abodes to a greater distance.

In those early times the Cimmerians were supposed to inhabit the borders of the Black Sea, near the Thracian Bosphorus, Italy, and the distant countries on the east and west, where the world was supposed to terminate. The people who were supposed to live the farthest north were called Hyperboreans, because they were placed beyond Boreas, or in the extreme north; and those who lived in the farther south were called Ethiopians—literally, sunburnt—because they were situated directly under the sun's rays; their country lay south of Egypt, and was afterwards called *Æthiopia sub Ægypto*, or Ethiopia under Egypt—"under" evidently signifying farther to the south than the latter country. The ancients generally believed that Africa and Asia, or rather Ethiopia and India, were united by land still farther to the south, and they consequently considered the Ethiopians and Indians as near neighbors. This is the ground on which both Virgil and Lucan have supposed the Nile to take its rise on the frontiers of India.

At the Homeric epoch the Greeks generally considered that the earth existed in the form of a disc. This disc was supposed to be centrally divided by the Euxine, or Black Sea, the Ægean Sea, and the Mediterranean Sea into two parts, the one north and the other south; these parts were at a later period designated by Anaximander under the names of *Europe* and *Asia*—names which had been previously understood in a more restricted sense. The river Phasis in Colchis, or Pontus, on the east, and the Pillars of Hercules, or Strait of Gibraltar, on the west, were supposed to mark the limits of the world. The country of the *Cimmerians*, who were afterwards confounded with the *Cimbri*; and of the *Macrobian*s, so called because they were supposed to be longer-lived than other mortals; *Elysium*, a happy country which had no existence but in the fantasies of the mind; the *Fortunate Isles* which at a later period, under the names of *Atlantis* and *Meropis* were the object of the philosophic fictions of Plato and Theopompus; the country of the *Arimaspi*, who saw so clearly because they had only one eye; of the *Gryphons*, who guarded the precious metals of the *Riphean* mountains; *Colchis*, the country of magic, peopled with monsters and prodigies;—all these, and many other ingenious fables, the offspring of the imaginations of the poets Homer and Hesiod, or rather of the people among whom they lived, were mixed up with notions purely geographical, and constituted the world at that period a scene of marvels, a receptacle of agreeable delusions on the one hand, and formidable mysteries on the other.—*Cassell's Popular Educator*.

An Odd Bit About Trees.

1. What's the social tree,
2. And the dancing tree,
3. And the tree that is nearest the sea?
4. The dandiest tree,
5. And the kissable tree,
6. And the tree where ships may be?

7. What's the telltale tree,
8. And the traitor's tree,
9. And the tree that's the warmest clad?
10. The languishing tree,
11. The chronologist's tree,
12. And the tree that makes one sad?
13. What's the emulous tree,
14. The industrious tree,
15. And the tree that will never stand still?
16. The unhealthiest tree,
17. The Egyptian-plague tree,
18. And the tree neither up nor down hill?
19. The contemptible tree,
20. The most yielding tree,
21. And the tree that bears a curse?
22. The reddish brown tree,
23. The reddish blue tree,
24. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
25. What is the tree
That makes each townsman flee?
26. And what round itself doth entwine?
27. What's the housewife's tree,
28. And the fisherman's tree,
29. What by cockneys is turned into wine?
30. What's the tree that got up,
31. And the tree that was lazy,
32. And the tree that guides ships to go forth?
33. The tree that's immortal,
34. The trees that are not,
35. And the tree whose wood faces the north?
36. The tree in a bottle,
37. The tree in a fog,
38. And what each must become ere he's old?
39. The tree of the people,
40. The traveller's tree,
41. And the sad tree when school-masters hold?
42. What's the tree that has passed through the
fiery heat,
43. That half-given to doctors when ill?
44. The tree that we offer to friends when we meet,
45. And the tree we may use as a quill?
46. What's the tree that in death will benight you?
47. And the tree that your wants will supply?
48. And the tree that to travel invites you,
49. And the tree that forbids you to die?

ANSWERS:

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. } Pear. | 25. Citron. |
| 2. } Tea. | 26. Woodbine. |
| 3. Hop. | 27. Broom. |
| 4. Beach. | 28. Basswood. |
| 5. Spruce. | 29. Vine. |
| 6. } Fulip. | 30. Rose. |
| 7. } Yew. | 31. } Satinwood. |
| 8. Bay. | 32. } Aloe. |
| 9. Peach. | 33. (H)elm. |
| 10. Judas. | 34. Arbor-vitæ. |
| 11. Fir. | 35. Dycwoods. |
| 12. Pine. | 36. Southernwood. |
| 13. Date. | 37. Cork. |
| 14. Weeping-willow. | 38. } Smoke-tree. |
| 15. Ivy. | 39. } Hazel. |
| 16. Spindle-tree. | 40. Elder. |
| 17. Caper. | 41. Poplar. |
| 18. Sycamore. | 42. Wayfaring-tree. |
| 19. Locust. | 43. Birch. |
| 20. Plane. | 44. Ash. |
| 21. Medlar. | 45. Coffee. |
| 22. } India-rubber. | 46. Palm. |
| 23. } Sago palm. | 47. Aspen. |
| 24. } Fig. | 48. Deadly nightshade. |
| | 49. Breadfruit. |
| | 50. Orange. |
| | 51. Olive. |

—*Philadelphia Times*.

A gentleman is he who combines a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

Art, Music and Literature.

—At a public library recently a woman asked when she first received her card, "Have you Mrs. Holmes' books?" The answer "No" was immediately followed by, "Have you any of Mrs. Southworths'?" A second "No" met with visible surprise and disappointment; but, after a short pause, she asked, resignedly: "What's next best?"

—Among the works left by Gustave Doré are about one hundred finished plates and innumerable sketches and studies for the illustration of Shakspeare. Doré spent some sixty thousand dollars on the preparation of this series, which he intended to make his masterpiece in book illustration. The plates were engraved under his superintendence, and those that did not please him he sacrificed without hesitation. Unfortunately, he died before completing two-thirds of the series.

—A painting of peculiar interest has recently been discovered at Vienna. It is a picture, by a well-known Bohemian artist, Anton Hickel, illustrative of the interior of the English House of Commons in 1793. It contains about a hundred portraits, with William Pitt addressing the House, Speaker Addington in the chair, and Fox, Sheridan and Erskine on the opposition benches. Hickel was occupied two years with this work, which is said to be admirable in color and execution.

—The Rev. Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" is said to be in its eighth edition of 30,000 copies, which will bring the total number published up to 130,000 copies. Two editions have been "pirated" in England and one in Canada, and a large edition has been printed in London by the regular publishers. In addition, the work has been translated into half a dozen different languages in as many different countries. This is the book Col. Ingersoll thinks is not worth noticing. —*Buffalo Express.*

—It is announced that the Queen has sanctioned the adoption of the *diapason normal* for her private band, and that this pitch will in future be used at the State concerts. The establishment of a uniform pitch is greatly to be desired, and it is to be hoped that the example of Her Majesty may not be without influence in this direction. At the same time, it is useless to ignore the practical difficulties by which the matter is attended, arising from the impossibility of lowering the pitch of most existing wind instruments, and the enormous expense of replacing them by others made to the French *diapason*. —*Athenæum.*

—Mr. Henry F. Waters, says the London *Athenæum*, long the manager of the *Boston Advertiser*, has been for some time continuing here the genealogical and historical researches which the late Col. Chester prosecuted. Mr. Waters has been rewarded by the discovery in the British Museum of an early map of Boston and its vicinity, and also of a manuscript by Samuel Maverick, entitled a "Brief Description of New England and the Several Townes Thereof." Maverick was

settled in Massachusetts before the Puritans resolved to make a new home there. His account is more complete than any other in existence and has considerable historical value. It has appeared in the *American Historical and Genealogical Register* for this month, and is about to be reprinted in a separate form.

—The prettiest of literary anecdotes has been related by Wilhelm Grimm, one of the pair of famous story-tellers. One day a little girl rang their bell and met him in the hall with the words: "Are you the Mr. Grimm who writes the pretty tales?" "Yes, I and my brother."—"And that of the clever little tailor who married the Princess?" "Yes, certainly."—"Well," said the child, producing the book, "it is said here that every one who doesn't believe it must pay him a thaler. Now, I don't believe that a princess ever married a tailor. I haven't so much as a thaler, but here is a groschen; and, please, say I hope to pay the rest by degrees." Just then Jacob came up, and the brothers had an interesting interview with the little dame; but they could not persuade her to take away the groschen which she had laid on the table.

Scientific Notes.

—It is said that quicksilver is a perfect preventative of phylloxera. The quicksilver is finely comminuted with dry clay, so that no globules of the metal can be detected by a magnifying glass; this is added to the soil around the roots of the vine, half an ounce of mercury being the proper quantity to be applied to each vine.

—Prof. Fischer of Munich is said to have obtained from distilled coal a white crystalline powder which, in its action on the system, cannot be distinguished from quinine. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is thought to be remarkable, though one of our wholesale druggists says that the amount of the drug required to produce this effect is so large as to preclude any rivalry between it and genuine quinine.

—Some of the researches lately made by English explorers in regard to deep-sea beds have led to the belief that there are no rough ridges, abrupt chasms, nor bare rock; and that the sea-bottom at great depths is not affected by currents or streams—even by those of the magnitude of the Gulf Stream—its general appearance rather resembling that of the American prairies, and it is everywhere covered by a kind of mud.

—Speaking of Dr. Richardson's process for the painless killing of animals, the *Lancet* says that science scores in it a magnificent success; it gives inferior creation a blessing it dare not give to man—painless death. The agent, which has been used successfully with 6,000 dogs, is carbonic oxide passed at summer heat over a mixture of chloroform and bisulphide of carbon into a lethal chamber. The method has been used successfully with sheep and will be applied to larger animals.

—A Brazilian plant, called Alveloz, is said to be an effective cure for cancer. The plants belong to the family *Euphorbiaceæ*. It grows spontaneously in all the northern portions of Brazil, where it is known by different names, the most common being alveloz, arveloz, or aveloz. The fame of its marvellous medicinal virtues reached this country last summer, and the attention it attracted resulted in the sending of a despatch by the Department of State to Consul Atherton at Pernambuco, requesting that he secure and forward sufficient of the medicine for experimental purposes. Early last month the medicine was received and a portion successfully applied in two cases of cancer by the Health Officer of the District of Columbia.

—The injurious effect produced by illuminating gas is due, according to Grube's researches, not to the continuance of its action, but to its concentration, or the percentage of it in the air. It is asserted that air containing five parts in ten thousand can be breathed by men and animals for hours, and even days, without any injury to the health; from seven to eight parts in ten thousand cause indisposition; twenty parts produce difficult breathing, loss of power, and uncertainty of motion; with twenty to forty parts drowsiness begins, and, when there is still more carbonic oxide in the air the poisoning is attended with violent symptoms; brain and spinal column are especially affected, cramps seize the victim, yet he may recover if brought quickly into fresh air. Breathing air heavily charged with carbonic oxide for a long time may likewise cause death.

—A visitor to the top of Mount Washington concludes that the weather is really cold up there. He was convinced by a walk along the railroad, with the wind blowing seventy miles an hour and the thermometer 20° below zero. The temperature does not get lower there than in many other places, but the wind blows with a greater velocity, it is said, than at any known spot in the world, and this makes the cold unbearable. A velocity of 180 miles an hour has been attained, while at Pike's Peak, 8,000 feet higher, the greatest is 100 miles, and in New York forty-five miles is a heavy gale. Of course the air has less power as the density decreases, but even with this reduction the cold is so intense that if one covers every part of the body, leaving only the eyes exposed, these are soon coated with frost, which closes the lids and often makes it almost impossible to see. The moisture of the breath freezes under the coverings of the face, and a frost bite is the consequence.

College Gossip.

—A traveller in Egypt describes a Mohamedan University at Cairo as being nine hundred years older than Oxford, and still flourishing as in the palmy days of the Arabian conquest.

—Trinity College, Dublin, is about to start a new paper, with the title *The Dublin University*

Review. The first number will appear on February 1st, and the issue will be bi-monthly, except during the long vacation. The paper will contain literary articles as well as university news of every description, and will be owned by a limited liability company.—*Athenæum*.

—Vassar College has recently received from Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, the distinguished Shakspearean scholar and editor, a gift of one thousand dollars to establish prize fund. The income is to be divided into two prizes, which are to be granted to the two highest successful competitors in essays on some Shakspearean or Elizabethan subject.

—The projected foundation of a Catholic University at Salzburg meets with some opposition from those who would prefer to see a re-organization on Christian lines of the existing Universities. But, as the *Vaterland* observes, the one idea does not exclude the other, and the Salzburg project is not likely to be dropped. Among the enemies of the Church in Germany it excites great hostility, and the *Kölnische Zeitung* goes so far as to call upon the Prussian Government to refuse all employment to persons educated in the new University.—*Catholic Standard*.

—It is said that ex-Governor Stanford intends to establish a university at Palo Alto, California, in memory of his son. As tributary to the projected university in memory of his son, the Governor will found colleges for young men and young women and high schools for girls and boys will also be created as tributaries to the colleges. It is said that arrangements have already been made, or are nearly completed, for placing the sum necessary for the execution of these projects in the hands of trustees. Mr. Stanford also proposes to found in San Francisco a public museum, for which his lamented son had already made large collections; and to establish also an institution modelled on the plan of the Cooper Union of New York.

—The subscriptions for the Catholic University already received aggregate an amount that insures the success of the enterprise. At the meeting of bishops held in New York last week, after the dedication of the Polish Church, a contribution of \$50,000 was received from Eugene Kelly, the New York banker. George Drexel, of Philadelphia, gave his check also for \$50,000. Archbishops Corrigan and Gibbons, and Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, were appointed a committee to select a site for the university. They have not yet decided where to locate the institution, but it will probably be at Washington. For the rector of the university, Bishop Spalding is spoken of, but Father Hogan, the famous Sulpician, formerly President of St. Sulpice College, Paris, France, and now of St. John's Theological Seminary, Boston, will probably be selected. A chair in the university has been offered to St. George Mivart, the distinguished English scientific writer, and it is expected that he will accept.—*Catholic Citizen*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 14, 1885.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the EIGHTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—The last number of our bright and popular contemporary, the *Ave Maria*, contained the first instalment of a new and valuable contribution to American Catholic History, from the pen of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the veteran historian and *littérateur*. Writing upon the life and work of "The Venerable Anthony Margil of Jesus, of the Order of St. Francis, Apostle of Texas and Guatemala," Dr. Shea presents an interesting sketch of a great American saint and illustrious missionary, too long unknown to the faithful of the United States, the soil of which was once hallowed by one "endowed with the gift of prophecy and of tongues."

—The current number of the *New Record*, of Indianapolis, edited and published by Mr. Richard Butler, contains a very interesting article *in memoriam* of the late Mgr. Julian Benoit, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Mgr. Benoit was one of the pioneer priests of the West—but one of whom, we believe, still remains in the land of the living, the Rev. Louis Neyron, who resides here at the University, still hale and hearty, although now in his 97th year. When Father

Benoit came to the West, the diocese of Vincennes, to which he was attached, included the entire State of Indiana and the greater part of Illinois, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for the two or three priests then in the diocese to spend day and night in the saddle, in all kinds of weather, attending sick-calls and fulfilling other duties of the holy ministry.

—Cheerfulness in a man is, like charity, a double blessing. It blesses the possessor and all with whom he comes in contact. It is to him a continual source of joy, and his presence is welcomed, no matter where or in what circumstances he may be placed. Moroseness and gloom flee from the light of the benevolence he brings at his approach.

It may be that the cheerful man is not always happy himself; it may happen that while pain and sorrow gnaw at the heart his face may glow with smiles; but as cheerfulness is the external sign of joy, he who is always cheerful is a valuable member of society, for, no matter what his own feelings may be, he gives joy to others. He is worthy of all praise, who, notwithstanding the griefs that may harrow his heart, does not intrude them on the happiness of his companions, but contributes by his cheerfulness to the enjoyment of all. When we see men, with whom we know fortune has not been kind, hiding their own sorrows and contributing to the general joy our hearts go out to them, and we feel that they are manfully doing a noble and charitable work in society.

Cheerfulness is a debt that all owe to their fellow-men, to society at large; and he who fails to discharge this debt, but intrudes his griefs, his trials, his wrongs upon his friends, is a criminal. Away, then, with complaints; away with growls at injuries real or imaginary, which bring neither happiness to oneself nor to others; cultivate the habit of cheerfulness, the most amiable of the social virtues, and your trials will become light, your presence will be as a genial ray of sunshine.

The Classics in Education.

The January number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* contains an excellent article from the pen of Prof. C. G. Herbermann on "The Classics in Modern Higher Education." In view of the attempt made during the past few years to decry the study of the languages and literature of Greece and Rome which for centuries have been considered by the most thoughtful educators as the most perfect instruments of intellectual culture, the article in the *Review* is timely and appropriate. It is an ably-written and well-rounded exposition of the importance and advantages of classical studies and is worth the careful attention of every collegiate student. We deem it not inappropriate to present a few extracts, at the same time stating the entire article will well repay perusal.

"To inquire intelligently whether classics are en-

titled to a prominent place in the higher education of our day, we must first find the answer to another question. What is the aim or purpose of higher education, of a college course? Without knowing this we have no standard by which to measure the value of the means employed. Fortunately, there is practically no difference of opinion on this question. All, or nearly all, are agreed that its object is to prepare the student for life in a general way,—to so unfold his faculties and powers as to make him, not a specialist, but a symmetrically developed man; to fit him, not only to take up any profession with success, but to take the broadest views, to form the most intelligent opinions, to entertain the noblest aspirations, and to have the highest ideals. Listen to Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr.: "I am no believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled. A practical and too often a mere vulgar money-making utility seems to be its natural outcome. On the contrary, the whole experience and observation of my life lead me to look with greater admiration, and an envy ever increasing, on the broadened culture which is the true aim of the university." According to this view, those studies are best suited to the college course which are best suited to bring out in the student the *power* to use his intellect, his reason, his imagination, his judgment, his taste, his powers of observation, his memory,—in short, all his faculties to the best advantage. The studies pursued need not, of necessity, be of practical application in after-life. As the young gymnast, to secure the sound and symmetrical development of his body, does not swing the blacksmith's hammer, nor use the carpenter's saw, but has recourse to parallel lines, and cross-bars, and trapezes, which he will never use in after-life, so the student, to bring out the powers of his mind, may, nay must, if needful, pursue studies which have no further practical aim. We say no 'further practical aim,' for we should carefully guard against the common error, that only such instruments are practical as show an immediate, visible effect. Hence, if the modernists—so we shall, for brevity's sake, call the opponents of Latin and Greek—denounce the classics as dead languages, which few do and few can learn to speak, this reproach, if true, would prove no more than if the classicists condemned astronomy because few persons in practical life calculate eclipses or transits of Venus; or analytical geometry, because, once an alumnus has his diploma, he never more dreams of the asymptotes. To convict of failure a study or an educational system, you must either prove that it has not and cannot have in it the means of drilling the learner's mental powers, or you must show that experience, correctly and honestly interpreted, convicts it as useless.

" . . . Let the reader review the roll of honor in England, and where were her greatest statesmen, scholars, and scientists trained? At her great classical schools. And what education prepared the political and intellectual

heroes of Germany—a Stein, a Scharnhorst, a Metternich, a Bismark, a Goethe, a Lessing, a Schlegel, a Humboldt, a Liebig, a Gauss, a Kant, and a thousand others,—to achieve fame? The classical education of the Gymnasium. Who, aside from her military heroes, are the intellectual leaders of France? Ask her Bossuets, her Racines, her Corneilles, her Descartes, her La Places, her Mirabeaus, her Talleyrands, her Guizots, her Thiers, her Montalemberts, and her Lacordaires; they will tell you, the alumni of her classical schools. And here, in our country, most of those whom we honor as national benefactors, most of those in whose intellectual achievements we glory, grew up under like educational influences. Beginning with John Adams, we name Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Van Buren, Sumner, Benton, Irving, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes. To-day, the American people, untrammelled as it is by traditions, and unfettered by prejudice in this regard, strong though be its leaning to the self-made candidates for political honors, numbers among its senators, its representatives, and its governors an overwhelming proportion of college-bred men; that is to say, of men trained for their present positions by the study of Latin and Greek. Here, then, we have the experience of four nations, all tending to establish the same thesis, all bearing witness to the value of classical training.

"But what are the grounds of this opposition (to the classics)? the reader will naturally ask. Those physicists, of course, who are broad-minded and clear-minded enough to see that nature does not end where it refuses to submit to the test of the balance; the microscope, and chemical reaction, cannot share in this opposition, being based largely upon the idea that language is something apart from, nay, almost opposed to, natural science. Only this explanation can account for such assertions as: 'The old method (of education) occupied itself mainly with the study of language; the new method passed beyond language to the study of the phenomena of nature.' As if language were an 'unnatural' phenomenon. But let us hear the pundits of the *Popular Science Monthly*. 'Professor Cooke,' says Mr. Youmans, 'struck the keynote of this discussion when he remarked in his article on the 'Greek Question' in the last *Monthly*: 'A half century has wholly changed the relations of human knowledge, and the natural sciences have become the chief factors of our modern civilization.' '*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*' is the shout of these gentlemen; and if lusty lungs and loud assurance could create facts, the reign of religion, of morality, and of law would be replaced by the reign of science, and the decalogue by dietetic prescriptions. We yield to no one in just and sincere admiration of the achievements of modern science. No one appreciates more fully the grand discoveries in astronomy made by means of the spectroscope and telescope, the wonderful revelations of the microscope, the striking progress in the philosophy of physics, and

the remarkable engineering feats of our days. They have unveiled new marvels of the power and wisdom of God; they have extended man's mental horizon; they have added new grandeur to his conceptions. But that, in consequence of these discoveries, law, morality, and religion have ceased to be the chief factors in our civilization, is a discovery far ahead of our age, and, we think, of any age. For we fail to see how the social fabric, or the political fabric, can ever be made to rest chiefly on the laws of natural science. Indeed, if we compare our civilization with that of fifty, or, to oblige the learned gentlemen of the *Popular Science Monthly*, of a hundred years ago, we fail to see any warrant for their proclamations. What was right then is looked upon as right now; and what was wrong then is still held to be wrong. Our ideas of property, of the rights of government and of the governed, are but little modified, and the changes again can neither be debited nor credited to natural science. Law and theology are studied very much as of yore, and even in medicine we see little, if any, change in the method of study. Above all, man's passions and feelings, his faith, hope, love, fear, envy, hate, and greed, are the same as of yore. It is true that we use lucifer matches, whereas our great grandfathers used the flint, and that among us gas or electricity takes the place of sperm-oil and candle. It is true that, owing to the advance of agricultural chemistry and the progress of mechanical discovery, we reap fifty-fold where our grandfathers reaped ten-fold. It is true, in fine, that we move with a rapidity rivalling the winds, and dispatch our thoughts to great distances in a few instants. But all these things do not constitute human life or human society; they influence human life and society in little more than their externals. And so with the grand assertion falls the grand inference, and the classics are safe, if Professor Cooke has struck the keynote of the 'Greek Question.'

... "In short, these words, with their grammatical modifications of all sorts, are, so to say, audible photographs of the action of our mind—that mind which is our intellectual life, the treasure-casket of all our acquirements and enjoyments, and the God-given instrument whereby we are to support and defend ourselves. To study language, then, is to study the science of the mind and its intellectual operations; in other words, to study logic, and at the same time to acquire mastery over an instrument absolutely necessary to success in our intercourse with our fellow-men.

"We cannot do better than to reinforce these remarks by citing the opinion of one of the foremost scholars and thinkers of Germany, Professor Zeller, of Berlin, on the educational value of Latin and Greek. 'Latin grammar,' says Zeller, 'by its strictness and logical correctness, is as excellent a means for the general training of the mind as Roman law is for its juridical training, and, in this respect, it can no more be replaced by any modern

language than the pandects can be replaced by the *Code Napoléon*. The Greek language combines, with the transparency of its logico-grammatical structure, wealth of words, mobility of construction, the power to accommodate itself to every need of expression, a full and clear formation of its sentences, and a euphony, which is as unique as is the classic perfection of Greek art. All the mental faculties and powers, which the formation of language demands and the study of language develops, are equally stimulated by the Greek tongue.' And here we may suggest the answer to a riddle that greatly puzzles Professor Youmans and his friends: 'How could the Greeks, who studied no foreign language, arrive at such perfection in almost every branch of literature and thought?' Because they learned and spoke and studied the Greek language. Were the modern languages as perfect images of all that is logical in the human mind as the Greek, were they as rich in inflections, had they the same subtle means of expressing the most refined shades of thoughts and the nicest modes of action, the same capacity to form compounds, the same mobility of construction and adaptability,—qualities which, while adding to the power of expression, demand close attention, logic and precision of mind, insight into the relations of the various thoughts composing a sentence, a fine sense of their relative importance, and an ear sensitive to the most delicate harmonies of language,—then, indeed, we might achieve what the Greeks accomplished without having recourse to any language but our own mother-tongue.

"We have sought above to convey an imperfect idea of the peerless qualities of the Latin, and especially the Greek, as instruments of training the faculties of the mind. But the study of the classics bestows advantages of a different kind on the scholar. We all know the great educational benefit derived from travel, how it opens and stimulates the mind, how it broadens our views and removes prejudice, and finally how, whilst it excites our admiration of what is good in foreign lands, it also confirms our love of home and country. A classical course is in reality an excursion into a different world, the world of the ancients, and affords us most of the educational advantages which intercourse with the best and wisest people in foreign lands would confer. This consideration alone will explain why men with a classic training are so much less narrow-minded than those without this advantage. Besides, we must not forget that our travels are most productive of intellectual fruit, if they take us, not to lands and nations most like our own, but among peoples as unlike ourselves as possible, provided, of course, that they are bright and cultivated and enlightened. Hence, we shall gather more fruit from the study of Latin and Greek than we could reap from the study of modern literature; for whilst more remote from us in time and place, the Greeks were superior to modern nations in brightness and culture, and above all in freshness of intellect."

Exchanges.

—The *Catholic Book News*—issued quarterly by the Benziger Brothers—though chiefly answering the purpose of a publisher's bulletin—contains a couple of pages of interesting miscellaneous literary items, an excellent letter from London, and one from Paris. These letters are unique. We know of nothing in English that can compare with them on this side of the Atlantic, especially in regard to Catholic book news.

—It was with no little pleasure we read the following complimentary notice in *The Polytechnic*, of Brooklyn, one of the ablest and spiciest of our exchanges. We feel confident that our contributors and friends will peruse it with equal pleasure.

"There is one paper which, as it comes week after week to our desk, we meet with a certainty of finding therein a store of good things. We refer to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. Its neat appearance, its solid and sensible articles, and its well-conducted departments, form a refreshing combination which is the result of good journalism."

Thanks for the kind compliment, *Polytechnic*.

—The *Fortnight Index*, an independent journal of liberal education, devoted to literature science, and the arts, has developed so wonderfully of late that it will soon probably take its place at the head of periodicals of its class, if it is not already entitled to that distinction. The *Index* is under the editorial management of Profs. Alex. Winchell, Chas. K. Adams, W. H. Payne, of the University of Michigan, and Prof. Charles H. Douglas, of the University of Wisconsin. The *Index's* business offices are at Ann Arbor, Mich., and Madison, Wis. The price of subscription is \$2.50 a year.

—The Harvard *Daily Crimson* has lately been adding to its other attractive features by publishing excellent, though brief, synopses of the lectures of Prof. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, delivered at Harvard University. The subject of Prof. Thompson's lectures was the "Protective Tariff," and it seems to have been so ably handled, and to have excited so much alarm that the Massachusetts Reform League have gotten up a series of free lectures in favor of Free Trade, Prof. Sumner, of Yale, opening with "The Proposition to make Protection a permanent Policy." The subject is suggestive. We doubt that the most ultra protectionist ever entertained the thought of making or wishing to make protection permanent. We hope the *Crimson* will give, also, synopses of this second course. The subject is an important and interesting one.

—Among the High School papers that we receive, the *Bulletin* (Lawrence, Mass.), the *Argo* (Manchester, N. H.), and a new paper, the *News* (Waltham, Mass.), show some fair attempts at journalistic work. If the editors of some of these papers take our advice they will save themselves the trouble of editing almanac or newspaper funny-column jokes, and, instead, devote the space to something useful, if not original. The High School papers are not so much to be blamed for the antiquated joke business, however, for the col-

lege papers have set them the example. The funniest part of the business is the manner in which the bald-headed old witticisms in some of the latter papers are galvanized and their frantic efforts at juvenility in Father Hubbard gowns and mortarboards for the amusement of college readers. In most cases they are neither sappy nor sapient. Granted that "jokes" of the kind are amusing, and possess some little merit, a boy in editing them begins at the wrong end, suggesting the idea of fatigue or weariness needing such relaxation, instead of the ardent youthful ambition that should characterize a boy.

—We used to dislike covers on small college papers,—thought they made them appear stiff and straight-laced, and wondered why people's fancies ran in that direction. But we have become accustomed to the cover, and our dislike is wearing off, so much so that we would not care if the SCHOLASTIC had one. Perhaps it will get a cover one of these days. Every little ten or twelve-page college paper now sports a cover, and we begin to feel the truth of the saying that one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. Still, we are only half reconciled to the idea of the cover, which we think better suited to the small octavo form of magazines like the *Vassar Miscellany*, the *University Quarterly*, and the *Virginia University Magazine*. A short time ago our neighbor, the *Wabash*, published the following notice:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is one of the best exchanges we receive, and the only criticism we would in any way offer is that it deserves a better cover for the inside matter. Its literary department is always excellent. The article upon the classics in the last issue deserves special mention."

This was republished in the *College Review*, of the University of Southern California, with the following comment:

"These are our sentiments, except the criticism in regard to the cover. If the contents are beyond criticism why a need of any cover?"

That is just what we thought when we saw notices similar to that of the *Wabash*. But, right or wrong, usage leads in the opposite direction.

—The *Cornell Daily Sun* has shown praiseworthy enterprise by giving abstract reports of the lectures delivered at Cornell by Prof. C. K. Adams, of the University of Michigan. Full reports were proposed by the managers of the *Sun*, but these had to be abandoned because there were not subscribers enough to justify the employment of a stenographer. The lectures are fifteen in number; the subject "Political Institutions." Five of the lectures dealt with the government of Attica, five with the Roman Republic, five with the Roman Empire. From what we have seen we are inclined to judge that the lectures, though instructive, are not of absorbing interest, far less so than if they were on a modern subject such as Prof. Thompson's at Harvard or Prof. Sumner's in Boston. It may be that Prof. Adams is but preparing the way for a series of lectures on modern political institutions. If it be true that history repeats itself, no better method could be

adopted—supposing, of course, that those who have heard the first series will hear the second also. We have often hoped that the history of the Archæan League, probably the best, if not the only, prototype of our grand modern republic, would not be repeated in the United States. Time alone can determine whether after three hundred years of prosperity some future Aratus and Philopœmen are to see the glorious sun of our American Republic sink into a clouded horizon, never to rise again. Prof. Adams seems not to have alluded to the Archæan League at all, nor to have drawn any comparisons; if we are not misled by the report, he simply reviews historical facts, leaving his auditors to make comparisons and draw their own conclusions.

Personal.

—Cyril Williams, of '63, now residing at St. Louis, is passing a few days at Notre Dame.

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Horne, Valparaiso, Ind.; Dr. John Keble Karcher, Dakota. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dillon, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. and Master Burrit, Elgin, Ill.

—Mr. Joseph N. Tibesar, of Esch, Luxembourg, has arrived at Notre Dame on a visit to his cousin, Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C. Mr. Tibesar will remain some time perfecting himself in English and special studies.

—Mr. Jessie Houck, of '76, and Master Geo. Houck, student of the present year, have the heartfelt sympathy of their friends and Professors at Notre Dame in their affliction over the loss of their sister, who died on the 12th ult., at Monroe, Oregon.

—Mr. Jacob Chirhart, an old-time friend and neighbor of Notre Dame, died at his residence last Wednesday evening. The deceased was an upright Christian, a kind and loving husband and father, and we may hope and pray it is his happy lot to enjoy the reward of the just. The large circle of friends at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family in this their hour of trial. May he rest in peace!

—Rev. John R. Dinnen, '64, Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Ind., lectured last Sunday evening in Music Hall of that city, before a very large audience. We learn from the press reports that the subject of the lecture was "Almsgiving," and was a rich intellectual treat to all who attended. No services were held at any of the churches in the evening, all the various congregations uniting to hear the lecture. A very handsome sum was realized for the benefit of the poor.

—Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, of '72, celebrated his first Mass in St Paul's Church, Valparaiso, on Monday morning, February 2d, at ten o'clock. Several priests from abroad were in attendance, among them some of his schoolmates and associates. Rev. W. O'Rourke, of Middletown, Ohio, Father

O'Leary's former Professor at Notre Dame, delivered the sermon on the occasion, and eloquently spoke of the important step that the young priest had taken and the sacrifices that he had to make. We learn that Father O'Leary has been appointed Assistant Rector of the Cathedral parish, Ft. Wayne.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke, '70, the devoted Rector of St. Mary's Church, Columbus, and the talented editor of the *Catholic Columbian*, in the last issue of his able paper has the following kind words of his *Alma Mater* and our College paper:

"Our acknowledgments are due the editors of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC for their words of kind commendation in favor of the *Columbian*. In 1868 we had the pleasure of being one of the editorial corps of that sterling college paper, and formed one of the Buckeye trio that took its monthly turn at editing. Those were proud days for us at our *Alma Mater*, and with the good and beloved Father Gillespie, who has long since gone to his eternal home, to direct our juvenile efforts on the editorial chair, we felt that a rare privilege was accorded us. From those days on we have watched the issuing of the SCHOLASTIC, feeling ever interested in it and the grand Institution from which it weekly comes forth."

Local Items.

—"Twas a blizzard!"

—St. Valentine's Day!

—"Who said ground hog?"

—Rehearsals are now in order.

—The Boat Club will re-organize shortly.

—The "Gymns." present an exciting sight these cold days.

—The "Laws" are to hold another Moot-court this evening.

—Lost:—A bunch of keys. The finder will please hand to B. Emmanuel.

—Master F. Chute, of Minneapolis, is the latest arrival among the "Princes."

—"Judge" wants to get the position of chaplain in the military company.

—A fine hall is in process of formation for the accommodation of the "Laws."

—What has become of the Philodemics? Has the cold wave suppressed them?

—There will be another railroad case in the University Moot-court this evening.

—A new patent rope ladder has been placed up in the Gymnasium. Our athletes say "'Tis a daisy!"

—The Elocutionists are making preparations for a grand Shakesperean Entertainment in April.

—B. Anselm continues his office as Director of the Orpheonic Branch of the St. Cecilia Association.

—Last Tuesday night was the coldest of the season, the thermometer registering 30° below zero.

—Great improvements have been made in the appearance of the class-rooms during the past few weeks.

—The students of the new Philosophy Class are now soaring through the cloudy realms of metaphysics.

—Masters E. S. Ewing, V. Morrison, A. Finckh, and J. Real had the best bulletins in the Junior department.

—"Doc" is back again. He says his protracted stay was occasioned by the weather; but the boys think differently.

—The oldest settler does not remember to have seen such severe weather as we have had during the early part of the week.

—A public debate on "The Right of Property" will be held in the early part of March by members of St. Thomas Academy.

—Four months after the inauguration of President Cleveland there will be a general suspension of business throughout the United States.

—The celebrated drama of "The Recognition" has been printed in pamphlet form, and is now on sale. Copies may be had of Prof. Lyons.

—The exercises by the Thespians in celebration of Washington's birthday will take place next Saturday the 21st, commencing at 6 p. m. sharp.

—All of the literary and dramatic societies are now in working order, and it is hoped they will awaken a lively interest on the part of the members.

—It took four horses and six men to bring in nine cans of milk from St. Joseph's Farm, last Tuesday. Cause: roads blocked with immense snow-drifts.

—The proprietor of the feline in the third story was greatly moved by our little joke last week. Nevertheless, he has taken out a life-insurance policy on the beast.

—Spanish is becoming a popular elective among our American students. A new class has been formed, and altogether it numbers ten ahead of Columbia and Cornell.

—The Philopatrians took a grand sleighing excursion on the 8th inst., visiting the town where the Prince of Portage Prairie one time held his court, and now the blooming rival of Bertrand.

—Last Monday, President Walsh read the bulletins for the months of Dec. and Jan. He expressed himself highly pleased with the real progress of the past, and the bright promises for the future.

—To the query, "What has become of our astrologer and the big thaw that was to be?" we are authorized to reply that as the month was not specified, the reader may select any month suitable to his locality.

—The Thespians will make their first appearance this season next Saturday evening. They will present the drama "Falsely Accused"; and it is expected that the rendition will greatly excel all previous efforts.

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held a special meeting on Monday, Feb. 11th. The speakers on the occasion were Masters W. P. McPhee, C. G. Kelly, and C.

Smith. At the close of the meeting, the President announced that the election of officers for this session would take place at the next meeting, Feb. 18th.

—The *Portland (Oregon) Sentinel* says of the *Scholastic Annual*:

"This well-gotten up *Annual* comes from the press of that widely-renowned institution, Notre Dame University, Indiana. It is very entertaining, sometimes amusing, chiefly in its astrological predictions, and is calculated to find a welcome place at the hearthstone of many a family."

—A meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was called last Sunday evening for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing session. Following is the result: President, T. McKinnery; Vice-President, J. Guthrie; Treasurer, S. Murdock; Recording Secretary, F. Dexter; Corresponding Secretary, H. Porter; Censors, Messrs. C. Porter and J. Conway. To-morrow evening papers will be read by Messrs. Steis, G. Smith, and Ancheta.

—One day, last week, our friend John was requested by his professor to take a *little note* to the Prefect of Discipline. John's conscience troubled him a little, and he had his doubts in regard to the nature of the missive. So he thought it better to be on the safe side, and requested one of his "chums" whom he met in the hall to deliver the note, saying, at the same time, "It is very important." "Chum," however, had "been there himself," and thought it might be dynamite and refused to touch it. John was in a quandary, but thinking a temporary respite better than none, he waited a little in the hall, and then slowly re-entered the class-room, with a very mournful look, and tenderly supporting himself. The ruse was successful—*pro tem*.

—A special meeting of Senior students was called last Thursday evening for the purpose of organizing a military company. There was a large number in attendance and the interest manifested was a good indication of success. Many who were ignorant of the object of the meeting were absent; but they all determine to attend the next meeting, which will be held early next week. An election of officers was held, with the following result: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; Captain, Mr. Elmer Otis, U. S. A.; Sergeant, M. A. Sykes; Secretary, T. E. Callaghan; Treasurer, P. Chapin. The other officers connected with the company will be appointed at another meeting. A committee, consisting of T. Callaghan, P. Chapin, and W. Cartier, was appointed to draw up a Constitution; and another committee, consisting of F. H. Dexter, S. Murdock, and C. Warner was appointed to decide upon a suitable time for drill.

—The St. Thomas Aquinas Academy held a meeting on Tuesday evening for the purpose of re-organization. Several new members were present, and after a few preliminary proceedings, officers were elected for the second term. Following is the result: T. McKinnery, President; J. Guthrie, 1st Vice-President; H. Porter, 2d Vice-President; H. Steis, Treasurer; F. Dexter, Corresponding Secretary; T. Callaghan, Recording Secretary; Chasseurs, P. Goulding and E.

Burke. In a public debate, to be held early in March, Messrs. McKinnery and Dickerson will defend "Property," while Messrs. T. Callaghan and H. Steis will be the objectors. From the significance of the question and the determination of the speakers, the debate promises to be an interesting one.

—An interesting trial was held in the University Moot-court, on the 7th inst., Judge Hoynes presiding. The case was one on appeal from the Circuit Court, the issue being to determine the measure of damages for the taking of land on which to construct a railroad. The appellant claimed he was entitled to the value of the land, including improvements at the time the condemnation papers were filled, two years after the construction of the road. The appellee asked that he only be allowed the value of the land at the time it was taken. The issues were well argued by D. Burns and J. J. Conway, on behalf of the appellant, and J. Conlon, and H. A. Steis for the appellee. The court, after summing up the issues, held that the appellant was entitled to the amount claimed. Rev. Fathers O'Brien and Robinson honored the court by their presence, as did also the Columbian and Philo-demic societies.

—The 13th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place Wednesday evening, February 4th, for the purpose of re-organizing for the 2d session of the scholastic year. The following are the officers: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; President, J. A. Lyons, A. M.; Honorary President, J. F. Edwards, A. M.; General Critics, Profs. A. J. Stace, A. M., Wm. Hoynes, A. M.; 1st Vice-President, F. Hagenbarth; 2d Vice-President, W. Daly; Recording Secretary, J. Monschein; Treasurer, E. Porter; Corresponding Secretary, C. Mason; Historian, C. Stubbs; Librarian, M. Mulkern; 1st Censor, J. Courtney; 2d Censor, G. Myers; 1st Monitor, W. Wabraushek; 2d Monitor, S. O'Brien; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Congdon; Marshall, T. Cleary; 1st Property Manager, C. Harris; 2d Property Manager, C. Cavaroc; Prompters, H. Berthelet, S. Chute; Organist, R. Oxnard. Public readers for the coming week: F. Hagenbarth, J. Monschein, E. Porter, C. Stubbs, W. Daly, C. M. Mulkern, J. Courtney, L. Grever.

—The following books were recently added to the Lemonnier Library: *Souvenirs d'un Voyage en Terre Sainte*, par M. L'Abbé J. M. Emard; *Annus Sanctus*,—Hymns for the Ecclesiastical Year, Selected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M. A.; *A California Pilgrimage*, by Amelia Woodward Truesdell; *Smithsonian Report, 1882*; *Child's Bible History*, by a Sister of Mercy; *Life of Rt. Rev. J. N. Neuman*, Fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, from the German of Berger, by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. SS. R.; *Mein Bruder*, Auguste Bender; *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, Guido Görres; *Valerie Aylmen*, by Christian Reid; *Fervaris Prompta Bibliotheca, Canonica, Juridica, Moralis, Theologia, etc., etc.*, 8 vols.; *Summa Aurea De Laudibus Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ, Dei*

Genitricis Sine Labe Conceptæ, 13 vols.; *Lucidi, De Visitatione Sacrorum Liminum*, 3 vols.; *Vie de M. L'Abbé Dujarie*, par L'Abbé Leroy; *Discours de N. T. Saint Père*, le Pape Pie IX, par Père D. Pasquale de Francis; *Origène, Cours d'Eloquence Sacrée Fait a la Sarbonne pendant Les années 1866-67*, par Mgr. Freppel, 2 vols.; *Saint Irénée et L'Eloquence Chretienne dans la Gaule Pendant les Deux Premieres Siecles*, Cours D'Eloquence Sacrée, Fait a la Sarbonne Pendant L'Année 1860-61, par Mgr. Freppel; *Saint Cyprien*, par Mgr. Freppel; *Origène* par Mgr. Freppel, Sarbonne 1866-67, 2 vols.; *Clement of Alexandria*, Sarbonne 1864-65, Mgr. Freppel; *Saint Justin* Mgr. Freppel, Sarbonne 1858-59; *les Apologistes Chretiens. Au II Siecle*, Cours D'Eloquence Sacrée, Fait a la Sarbonne pendant L'Année, 1859-60, par Mgr. Freppel.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Ashton, A. Browne, Felix Baca, Becerra, D. Baca, M. Burns, Breen, D. Byrnes, Callaghan, Conlon, Crilly, Wm. Collins, Walter Collins, Chapin, Conway, Crawford, Casavantes, C. Combe, De Groot, Donohue, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Dickerson, De Haven, Estrado, Finley, Freyermuth, Fox, Goulding, A. Gordon, Guthrie, A. A. Gordon, Garcia, Goodfellow, Gould, Horn, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Hotaling, Hausberg, Hasson, Jones, Johnston, Jess, Kolars, King, Kleiber, Kavanagh, Keys, Livingston, McCabe, McMillian, McKinnery, McGuire, Meyer, McErlain, McCartney, Marion, Mathers, Murdock, Miller, Meister, W. Murphy, Jno. Murphy, Noonan, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perley, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, C. Porter, Piefer, Phillips, Rother, O. Ryan, Reach, Ramsay, Rahilly, T. Ryan, Roth, E. Riley, G. Smith, A. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Sanchez, Sykes, Saviers, Spangler, Snyder, Jno. Troy, Troxell, Trepanier, J. S. Troy, W. Williams, Wagoner, A. Williams, White, Warner, Wilson, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arts, Borgschulze. Benner, Baur, Burns, Burrett, Congdon, Cummings, Chamberlain, Clarke, G. Cartier, Crawford, Cavaroc, Cleary, Courtney, Cooper, Dillon, Dorenberg, Daly, Darragh, Devine, Eppstein, Emmons, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Flood, Finrock, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Hoyer, Howard, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Hasson, Johnson, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, H. Long, F. Long, Loya, Lewis, Martinez, Mulkern, McCourt, Myers, Macke, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, Mullane, Oxnard, O'Brien, Portillo, Prudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Rattigan, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Ryan, Rietz, Stubbs, Sokup, Soden, F. Smith, Spencer, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Talbot, Wabraushek, Wagoner, Williamson, E. Chute, Zollars, Thurston, Nester.*

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Boos, Berry, Bull, Blakeslee, Baker, Crotty, Carnahan, Cobbs, Chute, F. Dunford, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, Garber, Grunsfeld, Henry, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, S. Jones, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Kellner, J. Kinty, A. Kinty, Landen-wich, McPhee, Morgan, C. Mitchell, Moncada, McCourt, Mason, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nussbaum, Nester, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Perkins, Quill, Quinlin, Ramsay, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Weston, Shöneman, Williamson.

* Omitted last four weeks by mistake.

For the Dome.

Hugh Ratigan, Park Ridge, Ill. \$10.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—In the Junior department, Ellen Sheekey received 100 in lessons.

—The reports of the French and German classes are crowded out this week.

—Bulletins giving the examination notes have been sent to parents this week.

—St. Luke's Studio rejoices to welcome back an old pupil in the person of Miss Bertha Legnard.

—The Graduates extend cordial thanks to Miss Clara Ginz for her kindness to which they are indebted for a pleasant sleigh-ride.

—The Roman mosaic cross was drawn by Clara Richmond, who kindly presented it to Lizzie Norris, who has always drawn, but has never been fortunate.

—At the weekly reunion in the Junior department, two selections from the *Ave Maria* were read by Clara Richmond and Maggie Ducey. By request, Hannah Stumer recited "The Ride of Jennie McNeil."

—At the regular reunion in the Minim department Eulalie Chapin recited an amusing description of a thunder-storm; Flora Johnson a pretty French recitation, and Fannie Spenser, Mrs. Hemans' "Hour of Prayer."

—Some exquisite studies have been procured for the Art department; among the rest, some landscapes in vista, which are peculiarly charming; also some china plaques, painted by a Berlin artist, and representing the heads of little shepherds. The faces are wonderfully life-like, and brilliant in rustic beauty.

—As Very Rev. Father General was unable to be present on the 1st, on the 6th inst. the pupils repeated the vocal and elocutionary numbers of the programme for the semi-annual entertainment. The Minims gave a short salutatory, and Miss Bruhn, on the part of the Seniors, a poetical address in kind commemoration of the 71st anniversary of Father General's birthday. On the part of the French Classes and of the Junior department, Hannah Stumer recited, in a feeling manner, an exquisite poem in French.

—From the far-away "lone star State," a very rare and remarkable gift came to Very Rev. Father Sorin on Saturday. It is a chair framed of beautifully-polished ox horns. It is upholstered in purple, crimson, and old gold velvet and satin. The initials E. S., in large gold letters, stand out in bold relief on the back of the chair. The venerable recipient regards the gift as quite too expensive for the present depressed times. However, the devotedness of the filial hearts which prompted the offering must still rank as most precious and praiseworthy.

The Harp.

[To Miss Mary Dillon, as a little thank-offering for her beautiful performance on the harp of "Fantasie Characteristique," Monday evening, Jan. 26.]

Bright harp, with glittering strings of gold,
How many visions fair unfold
At the mere utterance of thy name
So intertwined with classic fame!
A charm is in the very word;
Lo! sound of lute, or voice of bird
Doth echo not in the fair street
Pressed but by saint's and angel's feet.
Yet, the clear melody that floats,
Dear Mary, with those faultless notes
That swell and poise in upper air,
Are pure as an archangel's prayer,
And well may we believe 'tis given
Such tones to thrill the courts of heaven.

To answering chord, straight from the heart,
The waves of living impulse dart,
And on the listening air is shed
Rare strains from music's fountain head.
Life seems transcending mortal sense,
On melody's glad tide borne hence.
O instrument of mystic power,
Thine, thine is not an earthly dower!

Dear Mary, may thy spirit rise
As calmly to the upper skies,
With tranquil aspiration, clear
As the soft, liquid tones we hear
From thy light, skilful touch, ascending
Up to the stars above us bending.
May harmony, and peace, and light,
Be ever round thee, as to-night,
And be thy joy as holy-hearted
As that thou hast this hour imparted!

Peace.

BY MARIE BRUHN.

The deep tides in the channels of our great rivers flow on so quietly, the voice of their waters is so low and so musical that we are loth to believe that so great an energy is concealed in the smoothly-gliding currents as, experience tells us, belongs to them. Down the hill-side near by dashes the noisy, querulous, shallow rivulet. Far and near echoes the clatter of its pretentious wavelets; but what is its power compared with that of the deep-flowing, almost silent river?

"The Angel of the Schools," who not only swayed with an almost limitless power the age in which he lived, but who has controlled, by the majesty of his genius, the minds and hearts of the faithful, from his own times up to the present day, gave to the world a most pertinent and complete definition of the word "peace." "Peace," he says, "is the tranquillity of order."

Where is power more evident, than where order is most complete? In the past we find that those who were made the umpires of nations were those who

were remarkable for the regularity of their lives. It was not to a Nero, or a Caligula that wise men would submit the arbitration of political difficulties. It was not to a Henry IV or a Frederick II of Germany; to a Richard III or a Henry VIII of England that the poor and oppressed could appeal for justice, but rather to such men as an Edward the Confessor, of England, and a Louis IX, of France. It was a St. Ambrose who could draw the heart of an Augustine to the faith, and exact from the penitent Theodosius atonement for his crimes.

We see in the lives of Ambrose of Milan, Edward of England, Bernard of Clairvaux, Louis of France, Catharine of Siennà, persons whose souls were—to use the language of the great Father Henry Lacordaire—"slaves to duty." The senses of the body, the faculties of the mind, the powers of the soul were subject to the *order* of Heaven. Prayer, and deeds of charity made up the *order* of their lives. We know that "the Father of the Monks of the West," fled from the *disorders* of Rome when only fourteen years of age, and that he established the first monastic institutions of Europe: that is to say, the first religious orders.

But in all these great saints, what is it that first strikes us as most remarkable? It is the grandeur and tranquillity of their souls. They were capable of leading others, because they themselves submitted to a rule of life which united them to the Source of all power. When reprehended for passing so much time in the chapel, and thereby neglecting the society of his courtiers, or "the affairs of his kingdom," as they declared, St. Louis replied that his solicitude for his people, his love for his kingdom, required his long vigils in the sanctuary, where he negotiated the affairs of his government. "Were I," said he, "to pass double the time in the chase, or in the pleasures of the court, no one would remonstrate with me, nor would they find the time too long. It is my love for my kingdom that obliges me to confer with my God—to ascertain the best means to render her prosperous and happy."

The declaration of such a saint contains the key to the expression of St. Thomas. There is tranquillity in order, and order is found alone under the jurisdiction of "The Prince of Peace." "Order is Heaven's first law," and it is the delight of all pure souls on earth. It is the key, likewise, to the true education, the object of which is to give supremacy to the superior part of our being. It is out of order, that the senses should domineer over the soul. Cultivation subdues and refines the senses. It places the soul above them, and soul and senses are then at peace. Peace is the object of our fondest yearnings. Calmness is the bright and holy mantle of God-like power, and therefore it is so attractive when we see it reflected in human character.

At night, when the broad canopy of heaven is arched above us, studded with innumerable stars, what a thrill of joy pervades our being at the thought of the vastness of creation! How trivial seem all things pertaining to earth and time! How the wings

of the soul seem to expand, and to soar onward, upward towards the Infinite! His presence seeming almost palpable in the calm glory of the skies. But these are only the material heavens.

Let us enter our dear little Chapel of Loreto. Is there not a tranquillity here that was not found even under the broad, blue exterior arch above us? Is there not a grandeur here before which all other grandeurs pale? Verily, it is so. Here is found the "peace that passeth understanding." Here is the Real—the Sacramental Presence of Him who holds in His hands the destinies of all those golden orbs which roll in tranquil space; and in His love for us He has come, not alone to dwell in our midst, but to unite Himself to our souls in the Holy Communion. This is the order of His holy Church, which is imparted to our souls at the sublime moment, and which, by prayer, invests us with a power of which earth knows nothing; a power which crowns us with "that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Blair, Brady, Bub, Carney, C. Cox, Dunne, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Dillon, C. Griffith, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, Govan, Heckard, Hale, L. Hutchinson, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, N. Keenan, Lange, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, J. McHale, M. Munger, M. Newman, O'Connell, Ramsey, Rose, Shea, Schmidt, L. Sheekey, M. Scully, C. Scully, Sharrette, A. Schuler, Schilling, Stull, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, Walker, Thornton.
2d Tablet—Misses M. Adderly, I. Alcott, E. Call, C. Fehr, C. Ginz, B. Gove, M. O'Halaran, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, E. Taylor, A. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Brown, B. Balch, E. Balch, F. Hertzog, A. Keys, L. Norris, C. Prudhomme, E. Preston, C. Richmond, G. Regan, N. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, G. Searls, G. Städtler, Service, L. Van Horn.
2d Tablet—Misses M. Barr, A. Malbœuf, M. Murphy, Smith, Trask.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, M. Hopkins, E. Hammond, F. Johnson, M. Lindsey, B. Murray, F. Spencer, A. Schmauss, S. Van Fleet.
2d Tablet—Misses E. Chapin, D. Lee.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Call, Dunne, Ginz, Gove, Sheekey, Ramsey.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Ducey, Barlow, Heckard, Munger, S. St. Clair, L. Williams.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses C. Griffith, Adderly, A. Donnelly, Horn, Kearney, O'Connell, Wolvin, M. Dillon, M. Kearsey, C. Scully, E. Sheekey, Keves, Morrison, A. Murphy, M. Fuller, M. Hale, Helpling, A. Shepherd, M. Walker.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses E. Brady, B. Heckard, E. Kearns, T. McSorley, E. Taylor, E. Rose, C. Fehr, C. Richmond, B. Snowhook, M. Barr, L. Van Horn, M. Schmidt, L. Walsh, Trask, Regan, B. English, M. Scully, Wallace.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses M. Shea, G. Städtler, A. Malbœuf, Stumer, A. McSorley, M. Cox, M. Barry, M. Smith, E. Balch, F. Hertzog, A. Dwan, Lauer, Hutchinson, Newman, Brown.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Walsh, G. Searls, L. Norris, McEwen, White, Hawkins, Murray, Quill, Sharette, A. Schuler.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses Burtis, Spencer, M. Allen, M. Lindsey, E. Chapin.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses Johnson, Blaine, Preston, Boyer,
2D JR. CLASS—Misses Lee, Hammond.